ARRIVED AT PORTSMOUTH;

AN

OPERATIC DRAMA,

IN

TWO ACTS,

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF

HARTFORD-BRIDGE, NETLEY-ABBEY,

THE MIDNIGHT WANDERERS, &c.

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1794.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

DEDICATION.

THE AUTHOR of the following temporary DRAMA, which ſlightly relates to a VICTORY, as brilliant as ever was obtained by the Engliſh Fleet, moſt reſpectfully inſcribes it, to

SIR ALAN GARDNER, BARONET,

VICE-ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE,

whoſe conduct in the Engagement of the FIRST of JUNE, and in all the preceding operations of the Squadron, will be admired as long as our Naval Records ſhall endure.

November 22, 1794.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WILDFIRE, - - - - - -	*Mr. Quick.*
CAPTAIN PENDANT, - -	*Mr. Johnſtone.*
CAPTAIN TROPIC, - - -	*Mr. Bowden.*
CAPTAIN MAGNET, - -	*Mr. Incledon.*
FICCAROON, - - - - -	*Mr. Munden.*
FERRET, - - - - - -	*Mr. Fawcett.*
MAJOR DRUMMOND, - -	*Mr. Townſhend.*
ENSIGN SOMERS, - - -	*Mr. Clerimont.*
LANDLORD, - - - - -	*Mr. Davenport.*
MAT, - - - - - - - -	*Mr. Rock.*
WAITER, - - - - - -	*Mr. Burton.*
LOUISA BOWERS, - - -	*Mrs. Mountain.*
FANNY PENDANT, - -	*Miſs Hopkins.*
MRS. FERRET, - - - -	*Mrs. Henley.*

MR. LINTON, *as a* SEA OFFICER, *in the* GLEE, CHORUSS, *&c.*

MILITARY, SAILORS, FEMALES, *&c.*

SCENE—PORTSMOUTH.

ARRIVED AT PORTSMOUTH.

AN

OPERATIC DRAMA.

ACT I.

SCENE—*The* PLATFORM *and* BATTERY, *commanding the Entrance to Portſmouth Harbour, with a view of Spithead, and the Iſle of Wight, in the diſtance.*

AIR I.

Enter MAGNET, TROPIC, *and* SEA OFFICERS. *Group of Sailors and Females.*

SONG.

I.

MAGNET.

WE'VE bade the reſtleſs ſeas adieu,
To toy dear girls, ſome hours with you:—

TROPIC.

And *you* can give, tho' ſhort our ſtay,
A year of pleaſure in a day.—

Lara la—Lara la.—

CHORUS.

And thus we'll ſing—with *chorus* full,
In ſmooth or blowing weather,
"A long pull and a ſtrong pull,
And a pull boys altogether!"—

II.

MAGNET.

We met, and fought the foe in MAY;
That month ſeem'd ſcanty by a day,

TROPIC.

And ſo, to beat them to ſome tune,
We borrow'd one day more from JUNE!
Lara lara la—

CHORUS.

And thus we'll ſing—with *chorus* full,
In ſmooth or blowing weather,
"A long pull and a ſtrong pull,
And a pull boys altogether!"

[*Exeunt Sailors and Females.*

Enter WILDFIRE.

Wildfire. Ha, my lads! I'm glad to ſee you ſafe on Engliſh ground, after the late bruſh:—deviliſh glad indeed.

Magnet. This welcome is inſpiring:—A ſailor is alive to every ſocial attention.

Tropic. Yes, the rough treatment he meets from the winds and waves, makes him feel more ſenſibly a kindneſs on ſhore.

Wildfire. But where is my brother Captain Pendant? for he has been promoted from the Lieutenant's liſt, I find.

Tropic.

Tropic. He has acquired reputation in the action, as well as rank I aſſure you, good 'Squire.

Wildfire. " 'Squire!" Rat it, I hate the diſtinction; it has, as Piccaroon ſays, ſuch a curſed *unmartial* ſound with it.

Magnet. But you don't diſlike thoſe ingredients to the title, called *Acres*, which by your uncle's will, you are one day or other to poſſeſs.

Wildfire. Why I can plant a foreſt of laurel on them, 'tis true; but the devil of a ſprig will ever flouriſh for me;—unleſs it be to deck the windows of our hall at Chriſtmas.—Well, I muſt be off to meet my friend Piccaroon at the Fountain.

Tropic. There you will probably fall in with your worthy half-brother, Pendant.

Wildfire. Half brother did you ſay?—My good friend Tropic,—don't narrow our alliance by ſuch preciſion, I beg.—No, tho' he is the offſpring of my mother by a ſecond marriage, I feel his irreſiſtible claim to the neareſt tie of brotherhood, *(with warmth.)*

Tropic. I rejoice in witneſſing this earneſt profeſſion of regard,

Wildfire. I tell you he is *doubly* my brother;—His conduct in this engagement after his Captain was wounded, ſtrengthens our kindred more than ever.—Damme what firing of guns there muſt have been!—

Tropic. Shou'd we ſee your brother firſt, may we tell him that you have complied with his wiſhes, and brought his ſiſter to meet him?

Wildfire. You may; I drove her hither, in the new curricle in an hour and forty minutes.

Magnet. Indeed!—Fanny Pendant at Portſmouth?—

Wildfire. Yes,—and her friend, Louiſa Bowers, is expected every moment to meet her.

Tropic. O! if Louiſa is to be here, I can account for Pendant's impatience to leave us.

Wildfire. Let us, however, meet ſoon, for I have an honeſt friend here, whom I long to introduce to you all.

Magnet. Who is he, pray?

Wildfire. A damn'd fierce fellow, I aſſure you; who for the laſt fifteen years has breathed upon nothing but the ſmoke of gunpowder.

Tropic. His name?

Wildfire. He's call'd the Count Piccaroon.

Tropic. Piccaroon?—I never heard of him.

Magnet. No—I don't know him in the leaſt. *(With indifference.)*

Wildfire. Well, well, when you have ſeen him once, you'll not eaſily forget him, depend on it. [*Exit.* Wildfire.

Magnet. And now let us haſten to cheer the ſight of our anxious favourites and friends, whom not all the water in the ocean can waſh from our thoughts.

Tropic. Our cares for a time are over;—Our ſhips are at anchor at Spithead; and our prizes at ſafe moorings in the harbour.

Magnet. True; and all our priſoners landed to hoſpitable treatment,

Tropic.

Tropic. Heaven forbid it ſhould be otherwiſe: —The Engliſh nation will ever give proof to the world, that they conſider an enemy in their power, as an enemy no longer. *(Impreſſively.)*

Magnet. The day ſhall be paſſed in celebration of our ſucceſs.

Tropic. Yes;—the preſent hour we'll devote to feſtivity,—nor beſtow a thought on the unſeen ills that may await us.

AIR II.

SONG—Capt. Tropic.

I.

O bring me Wine, bright ſource of mirth!
For from the favour'd lips
Of him, who joyous ſips,
The jeſt, the taunt, the ſong has birth.

Wine o'er the ſoul ſheds influence kind,
And gives a *Summer* to the mind!

II.

When roſy Wine is ſeen to flow,
The *goblin* Care, takes flight!
Juſt ſo a *Fiend* of night,
Departs at Morn's celeſtial glow.

Wine o'er the ſoul ſheds influence kind,
And gives a *Summer* to the mind!

There's

III.

There's magic lodged within the grape!
It makes the Lover view
His nymph with beauties new;
Gives ſoftneſs to her air, her ſhape!

WINE o'er the ſoul ſheds influence kind,
And gives a *Summer* to the mind!

[*Exeunt* Tropic, *and the reſt.*

SCENE II.

A room at the FOUNTAIN, *bells ringing and buſtle.*

Landlord, MAT, *and other Waiters.*

Landlord. Somebody anſwer the bells there.

Waiters. Coming!—coming! a coming!

[*Exeunt Waiters different ways.*

Landlord. Theſe, Mat, are the ſett of rooms for Captain Pendant's friends, and remember to be very civil.

Mat. O botheram!—I thought you ſaid a while ago, when you hired me, it wou'd be time enow to be civil to cuſtomers, when the war was over.

Landlord. True, true,—but on this particular occaſion, you know we make them pay for it.

Mat. Och—lave Mat alone,—if civility is to be charged in the bill, I'll take care and put it down at double price.

Landlord. And beſure,—nobody can have a bed for the night for leſs than two guineas.

Mat. Two guineas for a bed!—But then maſter, after they have ſlept in it, I ſuppoſe they

they may be allowed to carry it away in the morning.

Landlord. What a confounded blockhead!

Mat. I beg pardon;---now I think on't —every thing ſhould be very dear indeed;—it was but yeſterday myſelf *axed* what was to pay for ſix penn'orth of rum and water, and they charged me a ſhilling.

Landlord. But here comes the company.—

Enter LOUISA *and* FANNY.

Theſe, ladies, are the apartments engaged for the friends of Captain Pendant.

Mat. But we never allow any ſmoking here. —I remember you told me that maſter.

Landlord. You curſed knave!—

Louiſa. You will let the Captain know, we are arrived at Portſmouth.

Landlord. I will Madam!---

[*Exit.* Landlord.

Mat. The tea-things are ſet in the next room, I ſee; ſo you may have every thing very genteelly—you may have coffee, for tea, if you pleaſe,—'tis only ſpeaking the word.—

Louiſa. You may leave the room.

[*Exit.* Mat.

Fanny. My dear Louiſa, it is fortunate we ſhould have arrived at Portſmouth ſo nearly together.

Louiſa. This happineſs Captain Pendant prepared me to expect.—The ſame pacquet which confirmed the report of Captain Seaford's death, informed me of your coming.

Fanny. I ſymphathize in the loſs of your worthy relative.

Louiſa. His goodneſs to me was matchleſs:—on the death of my father in India, he proved by his affection, that Heaven had left me a parent ſtill.

Fanny. I am told, tho' his wounds from the firſt were alarming, it was with difficulty he could be prevailed on to quit the deck.

Louiſa. His ſufferings conſidered, perhaps, I ought to rejoice at his releaſe.

Enter WILDFIRE.

Wildfire, True, Fanny;—wou'd that I had been in his place!---Louiſa! *(Shaking her by the hand.*

Louiſa. I am happy, Sir, to ſee you.

Wildfire. Ah!—I wiſh my ſilly uncle wou'd have given me my own way, as he did my brother, Ned Pendant:—He let him go to ſea; and he would have let him gone to the devil, if he had choſen:—but he never had any ſuch regard for me.

Louiſa. Dear, Mr. Wildfire, can you queſtion your uncle's attachment.

Wildfire. Poh!—What ſignifies his ſettling his eſtate upon me, when he forbid me the army and navy?—And yet, he knew from the firſt, I had a military turn—uſed to be fond of cock-fighting from a boy.

Fanny. Brother, you count not upon the calamities of battle; recollect poor Captain Seaford—

Wildfire. (Turning ſharply to Fanny *and* Louiſa, *in the order in which they ſpeak.)* Now, that is the moſt deſirable part of the buſineſs;

—to

to have beaten the enemy was well enough; but to have died in the arms of victory was ſupreme diſtinction. *(Emphatically)*

Louiſa. It is not, indeed, the lot of many to paſs ſo honourably the career of life.

Wildfire. No; every man can't jump in the way of a cannon ball;—How enviable the end! to have one's deeds echoed, thro' every town and village, from the Lizard to the Orkneys.

Fanny. True, the general teſtimonies of praiſe—

Wildfire. Aye—you mean the vote of thanks: rat me, were I killed, that wou'd be the firſt thing I ſhou'd look after.

Louiſa. The approving voice of honour—

Wildfire. No doubt:—To have one's figure ſurrounded with trophies:—and the verger of an abbey, ages hence, pointing with his wand—"Here lies"—I'll ſuppoſe myſelf, for an inſtant, ſtanding up in white marble, my left hand reſting on a cannon.—"Here lies the renown'd Walter Wildfire,—who two centuries ago, in the reign of George the Third, fell in action in the glorious Sea-fight of the Firſt of June." *(Emphatically)*

Louiſa. I admire your ardour:—our oaks will always bloom with a livelier verdure on that day.

Wildfire. Agreed:—your true hard-fighting was never invented till Engliſh oaks were turned into ſhips, and launched againſt the enemies of the country.

[*Exit* Wildfire.

Enter PENDANT.

Pendant. Louiſa my deareſt girl—Let me check this ardour. *(aſide.)*—my amiable friend! —ſiſter I rejoice to ſee you.

Fanny. Our brother Wildfire, has this moment left us:—he longs to offer his congratulation.

Pendant. Louiſa—why this depreſſion.

Louiſa. Our mutual friend—my parent by another name—

Pendant. Propitious deſtiny, gave to his laſt moments, every ſplendour that cou'd do honour to the human character.

Louiſa. 'Tis to ſuch reflections my heart owes its preſent ſupport.

Enter WAITER.

Waiter. A perſon, who ſays his name is Ferret, wiſhes to ſee your honour.

Pendant. Ladies ſhall I ſo far treſpaſs, as to beg you will retire to the adjoining room.

Fanny. Your friend, Magnet, is waiting to conduct us to the platform—

Louiſa. Where, we ſhall hope to ſee you, when your preſent engagement is over.

[*Exit.* Louiſa *and* Fanny.

Pendant. Adieu.—Ah! poor Louiſa, little is ſhe aware of the change which awaits her.

Enter FERRET.

Ferret. I hope I ſee your honour---in good health.

Pendant. Well, Mr. Ferret,—take a chair pray—what ſucceſs in regard to the money.

Ferret.

Ferret. That depends on the advice I may receive from my friend in the Minories.

Pendant. He ſurely muſt be ſatisfied with the ſecurity?

Ferret. True;—but as your proportion of your grandfather's eſtate can't come to poſſeſſion till the death of your uncle, it was neceſſary to know how his health ſtood.

Pendant. Poor man,—ſuch enquiries I have never been permitted to make.

Ferret. Yes, I have long diſcovered you were no favorite:—Mr. Wildfire, I find, engroſſes all his regard.—Ah! poor gentleman, he ſeemed in a deſperate way.

Pendant. Indeed!

Ferret. Yes—he had juſt been ſaying his prayers.

Pendant. I truſt they were earneſt and ſincere.

Ferret. As for that you know, that was his look out, and not mine.—I told him of the death of Captain Seaford.

Pendant. Brave officer!—His confidence in me, while dying, ſtimulates my preſent purpoſe: ſeizing my hand, his laſt words were,—let your friendſhip to Louiſa, lighten the diſtreſſes my death muſt plunge her into.

Ferret. Well you are very generous in applying this ſum to her uſe:—Ah, we always ſuſpected that you had—

Pendant. Preſumption enough to aſpire to her, you would ſay?—Yes, Mr. Ferret, ſuch at one time might have been the bias of my hopes; but my integrity at preſent prevails.

Ferret. Well, well,—I am to place to Miſs Louiſa's account the thouſand pounds—and ſay it is a debt due to Captain Seaford's eſtate.

Pendant.—Yes—but be ſure you do not mention my name, as concerned in the tranſaction.

Ferret.—Not an item:—beg pardon—but I coud'n't help indulging Mrs. Ferret with a jaunt to Portſmouth to ſee the French prizes:—not a wherry to be had, fit for the dear woman to ſtep into.—

Pendant.—I'll give orders that my coxſwain may accomodate you with a boat.

Ferret.—Very great honour indeed: Mrs. Ferret, ſweet ſoul, will feel quite delighted.—She is as fond of the water as a young duck.

[*Exit.* Ferret.

Pendant.—My amiable Louiſa!—this humble effort to contribute to her fortune, may afford me a gratifying reflection:—But how dreary is the proſpect which lies before me:—

AIR III.

SONG—Capt. PENDANT.

I.

Each flattering promiſe of Fancy ends here,
And I feel, at this moment, a change as ſevere,
As tho'—o'er the features of day's blooming dawn,
The thick veil of night was eternally drawn:
But ſtill in the magic of lovelineſs dreſt,
LOUISA's dear image will haunt this fond breaſt.

The

II.

The ſhrine which the pilgrim can viſit no more,
At a diſtance he'll ſigh for, and bending adore;
The favourite ſaint oft will riſe to his mind,
And when ſhe departs leave a radiance behind;
So ſtill in the magic of lovelineſs dreſt,
Louisa's dear image will haunt this fond breaſt.

Enter TROPIC *and* DRUMMOND.

Tropic. Permit me, Captain Pendant, to introduce Major Drummond, who will feel happy in your friendſhip.

Drummond. I ha' firm belief I owe my leeberty to your valour. *(To Pendant.)*

Tropic. You have heard me ſpeak already on the ſubject.

Pendant. I have.—

Drummond.—The ſtory is neither mair nor leſs than this,—a pacquet, in which I was paſſenger from India, unfortunately was captured by the French fleet, twa days before the Britiſh ſquadron came in ſight.—Ah, nae diſaſter ever ſat ſae heevy on the heart of Davie Drummond, as the reflection of his inabelity to contreebute his feeble arm to the glorious exertions of his country on the 29th of May and 1ſt of June.—Weel, Sir, the French man o' war, in which I was a preeſoner, was on the point of running frae her ſtation, when your ſhip began to engage her.

Pendant.

Pendant.—How are you enabled to infer, that the Engliſh ſhip, was the one, in which I had the honour to ſerve?

Drummond.—Frae eev'ry circumſtance I can collect; one queſtion will clear all:—Pray, Sir, did your ſhip, at any time, run foul of the enemy?

Pendant.—Yes, I remember in obeying the ſignal for cloſe action, our ſmall bower caught the anchor of the enemy, and we ſoon after diſabled her.

Drummond.—Now I am ſatisfied:—but for that event, I ſhould not at this time be here:—for, let me tell you, the French ſhip was a prime ſailor.

Pendant.—Any ſervices, in my power, Major Drummond may command; but at this time he muſt excuſe my departure. Tropic you are aware of the engagement we have to attend.

Tropic. I am here for that purpoſe, in compliance with your appointment.

Drummond. Weel, weel, the world is nae too large but we may meet again: Good morrow. [*Exit.* Pendant.

Tropic. You like my friend, Major?—

Drummond. Troth do I, Sir:—and you tal me it is thought, he bears Miſs Louiſa Bowers great affection.

Tropic. Such, Sir, is the conjecture:—But I muſt bid you adieu:—You heard my friend's injunction. [*Exit.* Tropic.

Drummond. Amiable diſintereſted love is a' moſt baniſhed the warld:—Ah, there is one exception in ſweet Roſabel of Annandale;—it was

was muſic to hear her ſpeak; and in ſinging, ſhe wou'd apply *Allan Ramſay*, to every ſituation which cou'd encompaſs her.

AIR IV.

BALLAD—Major DRUMMOND.

I.

WITH ROSABEL, what joy to ſtray,
The flowery BROOM among!—
I thought not of the weſtering day,
While liſtening to her ſong:
For ſtill her voice cheer'd evening's gloom:
With "O the *broom*, the bonny bonny *broom!*—

II.

Beneath her window, times how oft,
I've linger'd half the night!—
When 'ere I heard her whiſpers ſoft,
I felt my heart grow light:—
If maither chid, her ſong wou'd be,—
"There's nae luck about the houſe, there's nae luck for me!"

III.

When led afar,—my fate to try,
She came to *Clyde*'s broad *Firth*:—
Her gentle heart to break was nigh;
Subdued was all her mirth!—
She murmur'd—while the tears were ready,
Adieu—"my bonny charming highland laddie!"

[*Exit.*

SCENE—

SCENE—*The* PLATFORM.

Enter WILDFIRE.

Wildfire.—I wonder where Piccaroon can loiter.—Ah it wou'd be the pride of my life to ſpend the whole of my eſtate in foreign parts, fighting the Arabian ſavages—I mean the wild Arabs, by the ſide of that brave fellow.—After all, I don't treat him well;—I only allow him the pay of a cornet of horſe for living with me—beſides diſcharging his tavern bills. Ha, who have we here.

Enter PENDANT.

Wildfire. O my *dear, dear* brother, I rejoice to ſee you.

Pendant. This welcome is flattering to an exceſs.

Wildfire.-----Deviliſh glad indeed!---Well, my *dear* brother, and how many ſhips did *you* take?

Pendant. I!---I cannot preſume to boaſt of ſo important a ſervice as taking even *one.*

Wildfire. You can't!---But brother you ſunk a *few* perhaps?

Pendant. I muſt not arrogate to myſelf any atchievement of ſuch magnitude.

Wildfire. No!---What then I ſuppoſe *brother*; ---I mean *half*-brother, you burnt a ſhip of the line at leaſt?

Pendant. Good brother---ſuch an enterprize was not practicable.

Wildfire. O poh---don't tell me!---at leaſt *Neddy* you had the good fortune to grapple with a fireſhip, or blow up a bomb veſſel?

Pendant. Not to teize you with particulars, depend on it, good brother, we did our beſt.

Wildfire. Rat it---don't *brother* me!---"Did your beſt"---did you?---Confound me, Mr. Captain, but I ſuſpect you are one of the *ſhy* ſort.

Pendant. Sir!---Let me however, check this reſentment!---Your education is your error---and you are my mother's ſon!---

Wildfire. (as if to himſelf) I ſhall be aſhamed to introduce him to my friend Piccaroon, rat me if I ſhant.---

Pendant. Let me however tell you, Sir, the ſhare I had in that action, *little* as it may have been, will be the laſting boaſt of my life.

Enter PICCAROON.

Piccaroon. Yes, yes,---ſome people make a little go a great way.

(Significantly to Wildfire)

Wildfire. (To Pendant) Now you ſhall juſt hear what my friend, Count Piccaroon, will ſay to all this.---

Pendant. "Your friend, *Piccaroon!*" contemptible!---

Wildfire. (Turning to Piccaroon) You muſt know, Count——

Piccaroon. Good Sir, I have heard enough---

Wildfire. Hey?---and you agree with me that——

Piccaroon. Damme---"Sink, burn and deſtroy!"---was always my motto, either when fighting in the gulph of Finland, or on the Black Sea.

Wildfire. No doubt:---You were a ſort of crocodile among them,---as terrible by water as by land.

Pendant. I ſhou'd gueſs it was about an equal thing.

Piccaroon. Aye, aye;---I have ſeen a little fighting in my time,---have at this moment as many bullets lodged in me, as there are peas in the crop of a pigeon.

Wildfire. So you have, boy.---

Piccaroon. Damme, I have been ſhot at in the courſe of a campaigne, as often as the proof bank in Woolwich Warren.

Pendant. Does your friend belong to the Britiſh ſervice.

Wildfire. I can't tell:---Do you, Piccaroon?

Piccaroon.---No---I am neither fixt to element, nor country.---Where-ever war is going forward, there you may look for Piccaroon.---

Pendant. And look till your eyes ache, without being able to ſee him. *(aſide.)*

Wildfire. I have heard him ſay he had once ſeven horſes ſhot under him.---Hav'n't I?

Piccaroon. Yes, you have:---and I mounted the eighth, and got off by the help of the ſmoke.

Pendant. I dare be ſworn nobody knows the uſe of ſmoke better. *(aſide.)*

Wildfire. In one battle he was the only perſon who eſcaped with life:---The reſt were every

every man killed, and afterwards made priſoners of war.

Piccaroon. Very true;---So that if I cou'dn't remember a few of my own feats, the devil take me if I think the world wou'd know a tittle about them.---*(Signal gun.)* Zounds what's that, ſure the enemy are not landed.

Wildfire. Ecod, I hope they are!---I long to beat an *enemy*;---for hitherto I have only been enabled to thraſh my intimate friends.

Piccaroon. Very alarming tho'!

Pendant. The Count ſeems rather unwell.

Piccaroon. Only a little bowel complaint, occaſioned by the wind of a cannon ball.---There again!---*(Signal gun repeated.)*

Wildfire. What the devil can this firing be about?---

Pendant. 'Tis the laſt ceremony attendant on my departed friend.---He who in battle falls, leaves behind a claim to deathleſs praiſe.---The moſt exalted will honour his grave; and the ſimple peaſant, under the impulſe of honeſt gratitude, join with his mourners.

[*Exit.* Pendant.

Wildfire. Well I don't object to that; we ought to be grateful to thoſe honeſt tars, who fight our battles; and think nothing a *hardſhip*, but when they can't fall in with the enemy.

(Emphatically.)

Piccaroon. Poh---what are hardſhips at ſea, compared to the dangers of a ſiege; where I have ſometimes known the red-hot ſhot come ſo near---as to ſinge one's linen.

Wildfire. Ecod, I believe it; and that accounts for your's being little better than tinder, when I firſt knew you.

Piccaroon. A hem!---curſed ſneering that;---but no matter.

Wildfire. Ha!---Here come Tropic and Magnet, who are to partake of our beaver.

Enter TROPIC, MAGNET, *and another* SEA OFFICER.

Tropic. You ſee 'Squire, we are pretty exact.

Wildfire. You are a ſet of honeſt fellows.---Thoſe who could break the enemy's line, I knew would not break a promiſe.

Piccaroon. Well I'll go firſt and prepare matters.---I ſuſpect by this time the broiled beef-bone is ready.

Wildfire. Beſure you follow ſoon.

[*Exeunt* Wildfire *and* Piccaroon.

Tropic. Depend upon us.——

Magnet. You may---for we have every diſpoſition to enjoy the preſent opportunity:---and to give our troubles to the wind.

AIR V.

GLEE—MAGNET, TROPIC, *and* SEA OFFICER.

I.

O why to be happy a moment forbear,
From a dread that a ſorrow may fall to our ſhare?
Why look for the night when the SUN's in his noon?
For come care when it will, we ſhall know it too ſoon.

On

II.

On the blythe minutes paſt, no regret will we ſhed;
But welcome with wine thoſe which come in their ſtead:
And TIME, bearing witneſs, to give us our due,
Shall own that we ſprinkled his wings as he flew!

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE—*The old Anchor Forge in Portſmouth Dock Yard.*

AIR VI.

ANCHOR SMITHS *at work.*

HERE we laugh and work together—
Be it froſt,—or ſunny weather:—
Not like friendſhip, is our fuel,
Feeble,—as the world grows cruel;—
Change,—it values not a ſplinter
But burns brighteſt in the winter.—
So blow the Bellows
Honeſt Fellows!

When our heavy taſk is ended,
And by ale—the ſpirit's mended;
Careleſs how things paſs along—
We'll chaunt o'er ſome jovial ſong;
Such as made our Father's merry
Ending with a "hey down derry!"
La, la, lara, la!
(Anchor brought from the forge.)

Harry!—Edward!—George!—begin—
See the glowing Maſs is ready!
Each Lad to the ſtroke be ready
While the hammers ſound—*don!---din!*—

Enter

Enter TROPIC, MAGNET, *and* DRUMMOND,

And on the other ſide of the ſtage, the Wives of the Smiths enter with Refreſhments, who unite in the ſinging, as follows.

HARK, hark, to the ANVIL's ringing,
Full of glee the Rogues are ſinging:
While the ANCHOR thus they form,—
Beſt of ſuccours in a ſtorm—
Let's partake this feſtive booſing,
Juſt to toaſt our ſeamen cruiſing:—
Bumpers fill with hearty glee:
Here's to each brave Tar at ſea!

O ne'er will ENGLAND from her NAVY ſever,
But on the ANCHOR—lean, like HOPE, for ever!

[*Exeunt Anchor-ſmiths.*

Drummond. I feel, Sir, very imminently honoured by your courteſy in bringing me hither.

Tropic. As your curioſity had in it more than a common portion of anxiety, it was the wiſh of my friend Pendant, that you might ſee the Anchor before it received any alteration by repair.

Drummond. Little as I doubted before, the ſight of yon huge Maſs, bring irreſiſtible conviction to my mind, that Captain Pendant is my deliverer.---Weel, I may perhaps one day or other requite theſe obligations.

Tropic. Not a word---I beg:---Our ſervices are a duty. *Drummond.*

Drummond. It is but gratitude in me, to expreſs my thanks to every honeſt fellow, who bore a part in the late ſea-fight.

Maguet. Our victory, Sir, was a glorious reward.

AIR VII.

SONG—MAGNET.

I.

WITH Pride we ſteer'd for *England's* coaſt,
Her hills aroſe in miſty blue;
Six Prizes of the line our boaſt:
Another ſtruck and ſunk in view!
O ſtill to guard this ISLE, the battle we'll ſuſtain,
And dare the perils of the ſtormy main!

II.

Within the boſom of the land,
The claims of relative and friend,
The proweſs of our Fleets demand:
Their rights upon our arms depend.—

O Still to guard this ISLE, the battle we'll ſuſtain,
And dare the perils of the ſtormy main?

III.

Sweet LOVE! this boſom knows thy pow'r,
The daſhing waves that foam along,
Hear FANNY's name at midnight hour,
The tender burthen of my ſong:

For ENGLAND's lovely dames the battle we ſuſtain,
And dare the perils of the ſtormy main!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room at the Fountain.

Table and Chairs.

FERRET, *and Mrs.* FERRET.

Ferret. So—Mrs. Ferret—I have finiſhed that job:—now I have to inform Captain Pendant that the Thouſand Pounds, is ſecured to Miſs Louiſa, in the manner he wiſhed:—and after that, I muſt ſee Squire Wildfire, and let him know how matters ſtand at his uncle's.

Mrs. Ferret. I began to think you wou'd never return;—I didn't much like being left ſo long in a ſtrange place, by myſelf.

Ferret. Zounds, I rode as faſt as the Poney cou'd lay legs to the ground:—You know I cou'd not refuſe going, as the Squire deſired it.

Mrs. Ferret. That's true Joey,—for he may be a good friend to us.

Ferret. To be ſure he may:—at this moment I am employed to defend him in two actions:—one for throwing Tim Ginger the Cock-feeder into the horſe pond; and the other for ſhooting a pig belonging to farmer Crop:—Here's one of the briefs in my pocket.—(*taking out the brief and keeping it in his hand.*)

Mrs. Ferret. Talking of ſhooting a pig—who do you think I ſaw this morning, in the room joining to the bar of this Inn, looking as fierce as ever?

Ferret. Who, dear?

Mrs. Ferret. No other than that Rogue Piccaroon.

Ferret. What, the fellow who lodged and boarded with us, all thro' that hard winter, when proviſions were ſo dear?—

Mrs. Ferret. The ſame:—I remember'd him inſtantly, by *recollecting* that he went off, when the quarter was up, without paying us.

Ferret. A curſed knave!—and when he knew I had a writ out againſt him, the ſcoundrel took the mean advantage of conſtantly keeping out of the way.

Mrs. Ferret. So he did, Joey.—

Ferret. I wonder if he be here ſtill?

Mrs. Ferret. I can ſtep down ſlily and and peep:—I'll take care he ſhan't know me.

Ferret. Do ſo dear. (*Exit Mrs. Ferret.*) I'm deviliſh ſorry I've left the ſheriffs warrant on the *Capias*, at home.—Rat it, if I had it in my pocket, I'd nab him before he ſlept, whatever he might think of it.—If the poney wasn't a little ſtiff, I cou'd ride to our village and return yet by a little paſt ſun ſet:—I've half a mind to go.—

Enter Mrs. FERRET, *running.*

Mrs. Ferret. Joey—Joey—where are you my dear?—

Ferret. What the devil's the matter?—well, is he below?

Mrs. Ferret. No, Joey—but there was no getting along, for the men of war gentlemen!—law, I am quite out of breath:—they were wanting to be meddling with one.

Ferret.

Ferret. They were—were they?—Zounds I wiſh I cou'd catch them at it.—(*after a pauſe, to himſelf*) I never conducted a cauſe of the ſort.

Mrs. Ferret. Yes, firſt one and then another, were pulling a body about.

Ferret. I ſhould like ſuch a buſineſs I confeſs:—there are not many better things going.—And ſo my dear they were pulling you about, were they?——I'd lay the damages pretty high:—ſhou'd like the thing moſt certainly.

Mrs. Ferret. What deary, ſhou'd you like?

Ferret. Damme, I'd let 'em know I underſtood a little of king's bench practice:—I'd touch'em up with a *latitat*:—after trial—follow it with a *Fieri Facias*, by way of *Cooler*;—if that didn't bring down the ſhiners,—try how they'd ſtand a *Ca Sa*:—I'd tickle 'em!—what hints I'd whip into the brief, for the ſpeech of leading counſel!—he ſhould be on his legs for ſeven hours at leaſt. "Gentlemen of the Jury—this "of all abominable caſes claims attention,—"affectionate pair—hymeneal alliance,—ſtate "of exemplar tenderneſs,—meek indulgent "huſband,—weak unſuſpecting wife, young "and beautiful——matchleſs conjugal fidelity, "—couple of young infants,—fond father,—"anxious mother,—paradiſe---Adam---Eve,--"Devil jumping over the wall,---diabolical "ſeducer,---injured friendſhip,---breach of "hoſpitality,---wicked machinations,---ſeen on "his knees,---dark deſigns,---ſable purpoſe,---"black heart,---black mind---"——Jury finds forplaintiff!--damages two thouſand!---huzza!

---Damme I'd ſet up a Gig---next morning!
[*Exit.*

Mrs. Ferret. I'll be ſhot, if I can tell what is come to our Joey:---I muſt follow him however. [*Exit.*

Enter LOUISA---*looking about as if for* FERRET.

Louiſa. Mr Ferret is gone, I perceive; I wou'd elſe have aſked one more queſtion relative to this thouſand pounds.---Ah!---My ſpirits are not in tune to accord with fortune's favours---There is an altered manner in Captain Pendant which alarms me much:—A reſerve,---a ceremonious attention,---a diſtance, that I know not how to interpret.

Enter DRUMMOND.

Drummond. Miſs Louiſa your very obedient.

Louiſa. Pray, Major, be ſeated.

Drummond. I come you perceive, pretty exact to my appointment:---indeed this viſit is *not* a call of mere ceremony;---I have ſomething rather intereſting to communicate.

Louiſa. I underſtand, Major Drummond, you knew my father, well?

Drummond. Troth did I, Madam:---Colonel Bowers was as brae a ſoldier as the ſouth yet produced:---The only contention---he ever had wi any of us was---wha ſhould be in the field firſt, and continue there langeſt.

Louiſa. Captain Pendant has informed me that the friendſhip, between you, was not in a common degree.

Drummond.

Drummond. Nae it was not:—I lang conſidered Colonel Bowers, as a father:---and I was taught to love you, before I ſaw you.

Louiſa, "As a father"---"Love *me*!" very extraordinary. [*aſide.*

Drummond. You mentioned Pendant, a while ago: ah, he is a very amiable gentleman:---he is one I cou'd adopt as a friend on the warrant of an hour's acquaintance:---He ſhall find I'm not heedleſs of his welfare.

Louiſa. Sir!----You will in that caſe, I aſſure you, ſerve one whoſe merits will do honour to your ſelection. [*Earneſtly.*

Drummond. Why, Madam, having underſtood that he ardently wiſhes to have a ſhip on a foreign ſtation, inſtead of being employed in the channel, I have not been idle.

Louiſa. Has he, Sir, taken ſuch a determination?

Drummond. Yes, yes;---And my influence ſhall co-operate ſo effectually with his deſires, as to get him appointed to a frigate deſtined for the Eaſt Indies;---where he will remain four years.

Louiſa. Four years from England!---

Drummond. Four years at leaſt:---and I'll try to make it ſix;---If I have power and ability. [*Earneſtly.*

Louiſa. So long, Sir?---Six years an exile!---[*aſide*

Drummond. Aye, aye;---I'll not ſleep but I'll effect it: but don't mention it yet to Captain Pendant, leſt the time ſhou'd fall ſhort of *ſix* years:---for I know he has ſet his heart on this object.

Louiſa. Six years, did you ſay, Sir?---For I muſt enquire again.

Drummond. Yes,---I think I can venture on *ſix.*---Ah I reſpect Captain Pendant:---And he is thoroughly aware of my earneſt attachment to you. [*Taking Snuff.*

Louiſa. Earneſt attachment!---Good heavens!--- [*aſide.*

Drummond. And how much I have it in mind, to contribute to your portion of ſublunar felicity, by every mean in my power.---Madam your very ſincere ſervant. [*Exit.*

Louiſa. Now the miſt is cleared;---Captain Pendant's alter'd manners are explained:---He is aware of the intentions of Major Drummond to ſolicit my hand; and his generous nature prompts him to retire, that my worldly intereſt may ſuffer no defeat thro' him.---An exile for ſix years!

AIR VIII.

SONG—Louisa.

WHEN Love was a ſtranger,
Hope brought me that ranger:
—I gave them a home:—
With welcome careſſings,
I deem'd them two bleſſings,
And bad them ne'er roam:

Hope has ſpread his azure pinions,
Ah!—I fear he's diſtant flown!
And behind—that worſt of minions,
Tyrant Love reigns all alone!

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

A View of the GOVERNOR'S HOUSE.

Enter WILDFIRE, TROPIC, PICCAROON *and* SOMERS.

Wildfire.---That's a deviliſh clever fellow indeed, that you have engaged to teach me the uſe of the Muſquet.---We have had a hard ſpell together---Zounds how my wriſt aches.

Somers. He belongs to our Regiment; and I think as dexterous a ſoldier, as you'll find in any line of Infantry.

Piccaroon. Infantry!---*(Contemptuouſly)*---Pſhaw!---What are Infantry---to rout the main body of an enemy?---Give me a ſquadron of horſe,---firm in their ſtirrups,---boot-top to boot top---charge!---at 'em we daſh---Sword in hand---damme how they ſcamper!---

Wildfire. That's your work---my hero!---Do Piccaroon, give them a little inſight into the ſiege you conducted againſt the town belonging to the Turks.

Piccaroon. What, when I was in the Imperial ſervice, and headed the Pandours from Croatia?

Wildfire. Pandours?---Yes, I think that was the name of the place. [*Tropic and Somers appear as deſirous of detecting the Impoſture*]

Piccaroon. O dear nothing very extraordinary.---Why you muſt know I never truſted to the reports of ſpies:---my own ſcout ſtill.

Wildfire.

Wildfire. That he certainly was, till I came to know him,---even to the blacking of his boots.

Piccaroon. Pray let me proceed. *(angrily*

Wildfire. Well well,---ſo be it,---get on then.---

Piccaroon. The ground was conſidered, and all approaches determined :--Vauban never plann'd better.---Damme, how the Pioneers kept at it, till we advanced to the third parallel!---The *fire* then became deviliſh hot,---deviliſh hot indeed!

Wildfire. Poh, poh, we don't want to be told that fire is *hot*:---that muſt be the caſe all over the globe.---

Piccaroon.---In this direction we carried on a *trench.*---attend, gentlemen, I beſeech.

Wildfire. Yes,---pray obſerve.

Piccaroon. Here went a direct *ſap*, over the ridge of the glacis---Juſt there, under the counterſcarp, we ſuſpected a mine.

Wildfire. What, a tin mine?---I have ſhare of one in Cornwall.

Piccaroon. No, Sir---not a tin mine. [*angrily*

Wildfire. Well---never mind:---daſh away.

Piccaroon. Our richocket firing, diſmounted the guns of three redoubts, and left every embrazure naked.-----We enfiladed the covert way from the cavaliers,---got poſſeſſion of the ſaliant angles,---drove the beſieged from the traverſes,---ſeized upon the place of arms,---made good our lodgment,---run our batteries along their gorges,---and opened a deviliſh fierce fire upon

upon the tenailles, curtain and faces of the tower baſtion!---

Tropic. A miraculous hot ſiege indeed.---

Wildfire. *(as if puzzled)* I ſhall never remember half of theſe cramp names.---He's a monſtrous clever fellow, is he not?—

Somers. None but a veteran could have endured ſuch ſervice:---'tis more than I can ſuſtain even in this narration. [*Tropic and Somers attempting to go*

Wildfire. You ſhan't ſtir till you have heard all.

Piccaroon. The attack was general: We repell'd three ſallies:---A Detachment paſſed the fauſſe bray, near the citadel——

Somers. Come along: Wildfire, adieu.

Wildfire.---The devil, don't go yet:---it is worth ſtaying for I aſſure you.

[*Exeunt* Tropic *and* Somers.

Piccaroon. We determined on driving them to the laſt entrenchment.---An orillan was in this angle;---Here was a flanking redoubt, and there a counter-guard.

Wildfire. Where?

Piccaroon. Here, I tell you.---

Wildfire. Well, I ſee.——[*looking occaſionally after* Tropic, *and then turning to* Piccaroon.

Piccaroon. Our mortar battery, at this time, began playing:—damme how the ſhells burſted, and the grenades flew!—here under the ravin, (*Exit.* Wildfire) we ſprung a mine, juſt as it might be about this ſpot.---(*kneeling*) Do pray obſerve, gentlemen.—Come a little nearer; don't be afraid of being blown away. (*looking cautiouſly round*

round).---The devil, thoſe two are blown away.--Cou'dn't, I ſuppoſe, ſtand the exploſion---I ſay, ſquire!---(*looking round on the other ſide*) what, and is he off?---well, I'll go too---'Tis about the dinner hour: zounds, it ought to have been ready three hours ago!

AIR IX.

PICCAROON.

SIGNAL TRUMPETS, with their clangor,
In ſome heroes raiſe up anger—
But to me—or I'm a ſinner—
The little bell that rings for dinner—
Gives a more inſpiring jingle,—
Makes the ſpirits livelier tingle!—

A ſharp ſtomach, without ſneer—
Is a dexterous PIONEER!—
Armies oft have wonders done,—
When led by GENERAL HUNGER—on!
Before his rage a town ſoon falls—
—He, with eaſe—"breaks through ſtone walls"—
'Tis cracking but the pie's cruſt-lid—
To taſte the ſavory meat that's hid!

SIGNAL TRUMPETS, with their clangor,
In ſome heroes raiſe up anger:—
But I feel a livelier tingle,
From the dinner bell's ſweet jingle!

[*Exit.* Piccarooon.

SCENE

SCENE IV.—*A room at the Fountain.*

FANNY *alone.*

Fanny. Poor Louiſa---If I can at all collect a meaning from the conduct of my brother---he makes a ſacrifice of his own peace in the perſuaſion that he is thereby promoting the happineſs of Louiſa.

Enter PENDANT.

Pendant. Fanny, my dear---where is your friend, Louiſa?---

Fanny. Ah---dear brother---why perſiſt in renouncing that attachment on which your own felicity ſo ſeriouſly depends?

Pendant. I owe it to the laſt commands of my friend, Captain Seaford;---I owe it to Louiſa; ſhe muſt ſtudy to forget me.

Fanny. And you adhere to your purpoſe of taking a final leave this evening?---Poor Louiſa!

Pendant.---It wou'd be injurious to her to protract the explanation a ſingle hour.---Major Drummond you ſay has gone ſo far as to declare his paſſion.

Fanny. So Louiſa informed me.---

Pendant. It becomes me then to retire.---The major's fortune will place her in that independence, which her worth ſhou'd command:---I have not the hoſtility of a rival towards her new admirer:---I reſpect him as a generous man.---

Fanny. Since the ſeparation is ſo fixed---let me conduct you to my poor friend.---[*Exeunt* Pendant *and* Fanny. *

Enter

* *This interview between* PENDANT *and* FANNY *omitted in repreſentation, for ſake of brevity.*

Enter WILDFIRE *and* TROPIC.

Wildfire. Threaten to arreſt Piccaroon!---I'll kick any man down ſtairs that dares to touch Piccaroon.

Tropic. Yet ſuch, good ſquire---was the menace, I aſſure you.

Wildfire. And that raſcal Ferret to be the fellow!---I never heard till now that Piccaroon was known to the ſcoundrel.

Tropic. No?--

Wildfire. No---but you ſhall ſee how I'll ſerve Maſter Ferret, the moment he comes back from my uncle's---where I ſent him this morning.

Tropic. I ſhou'd ſuſpect he's returned already; ---for it is not more than half an hour ſince I heard him vow vengeance againſt your friend.--Now I recollect, Captain Pendant told me your uncle was unwell.

Wildfire. Yes---and the worſt of it is, the old boy wants me to be always at his ſide like a tantony pig.---He ſent Barnaby, the Groom, for me in leſs than three hours after I arrived at Portſmouth.

Tropic. We ſhall loſe you then?

Wildfire. O no---it does not ſuit Piccaroon to go back till to-morrow:---ſo I diſpatch'd Ferret to tell *Nunc*, not to expect me.---

Tropic. Ha, here comes our friend Mag net.--

Enter MAGNET.

Wildfire. That's right--I mean to make a jolly night of it---in compliment to the late engagement;

gagement:---and I'll give ſpecial directions about the ſupper immediately. [*Exit* WILDFIRE.

Magnet. The Firſt of June I feel confident will give a new edge to our ſpirits whenever ſpoken of.

Tropic. And the humbleſt Tar, who ſhared in the danger, will to the laſt period of time exult in the honour.

AIR X.

DUET.

MAGNET *and* TROPIC.

The Seaman, who of wars may tell
On many a diſtant Winter's night,
Shall feel his breaſt with rapture ſwell,
Rememb'ring he partook this fight:—
And his full Can ſhall toaſt the day,
When HOWE to Victory led the way!

II.

His tale the hearers ſhall not tire,
But all will mark with glow divine,
Their NAMES, who kept up daring *Fire!*
And thoſe, who broke the *Gallic Line!*
And many a Can ſhall toaſt the day,
When HOWE to victory led the way.

[*Exeunt* TROPIC *and* MAGNET.

Re-enter WILDFIRE, *Waiter following.*

Wildfire.---I'll give thoſe dextrous fellows who have been ringing the bells, to welcome me

me to Portſmouth---five guineas:---waiter---hark ye me;---go to the bar, and aſk for the little ſquare box that *Piccaroon* delivered this morning into their charge.

Mat.---Is it an' pleaſe you, the box in the red leather caſe you mean?

Wildfire.---Yes,---I keep all my caſh and notes there, ſo bring it carefully.

Mat.---Bleſs you my dear, count Piccaroon called for it in a chaiſe, a while ago.

Wildfire.---Did he?---(*after ruminating*) O, I dare ſay, he's gone to fight a Duel with ſomebody or other; for I've heard him ſays he's a Devil of a fellow at that work: and in the violence of his fury, he has miſtaken the little ſtrong box for the caſe of *Wogdon's* piſtols.

Mat.---Och---like enough.

Wildfire.---How diſtreſſed my poor friend will be when he finds that inſtead of the piſtols, he has got the caſh!

Mat.---O---your honour,---beſides that box, he has taken with him the travelling trunk and Portmanteau.---

Wildfire.---I don't underſtand you: what do you mean?

Mat.---Why he has carried all away.

Wildfire. Carried all away?

Mat. Yes; made a clearance of every thing of *value*, except the bill, which he ſaid your honor wou'd ſettle, and give myſelf ſomething beſides for waiting on you ſo genteely.

Wildfire. Zounds and fury: Order the curricle directly.

Mat.

Mat. My jewel there's not a poſt-horſe to be had fit to go half a ſtage; ſo if you wiſh to overtake the Count, you had better wait till he comes back.

Wildfire. You ſtupid fellow, I have a pair of my own iron greys here, which I never ſuffer any body to drive but myſelf.

Mat. The devil a pair of iron greys have we here, except the little black poney---belonging to Miſter Ferret, the attorney.

Wildfire. What then is become of them, you hang dog?

Mat. My dear creature, the Count has them in the hack chaiſe; and he told the man, that was the poſt-boy, to drive as if he was going to the devil,--for it was an affair of life and death.

Wildfire. "Life and death!" A knave! he might ſay ſo with truth; for a hanging follows if I catch him, depend on't.

Enter DRUMMOND.

Drummond. Hoot, man----hoot!----What better can you expect, in chooſing ſuch raps for your friends.---I remember that Piccaroon a dozen years ago; he always went about with a ſoaped noſe, to prevent its being pulled.

Wildfire. Ha!---I ſpy Ferret---I hope he has met the raſcal, and ſerved the writ upon him.

Enter FERRET.

Ferret. I have been looking for you ſquire, all over Portſmouth.---Ah, your poor uncle's gone!

Wildfire.

Wildfire. What, dead?—There's a queer go for you!

Ferret. Yes, I waited by him to the laſt moment.

Wildfire. Did you tell him I ſhould breakfaſt with him in the morning.

Ferret. Yes, I did----but it was to no purpoſe:---It was the laſt day of his *term.*

Wildfire. Now that's juſt like his obſtinacy;---He might I think have had a little patience:---No occaſion for being in ſuch a violent hurry.

Enter PENDANT, LOUISA, *and* FANNY.

[Magnet *entering on the oppoſite ſide of the ſtage.*]

Pendant. Major Drummond, it is not without the moſt pointed diſtreſs, that I relinquiſh every hope, which once reſted on Louiſa.---You, Sir, in taking her---

Drummond. Will not make twa words to the bargain, depend on't:--S'blood man, her fortune.

Louiſa. Fortune, Major!---I---

Drummond. Aye, Madam.---I have juſt been able to lay my hands on the papers.---I have paid to your account, into the Bengal Treaſury, fifteen thouſand pounds---in rupees;----and ſome diamonds of your property I have now in charge.---By your father's will I was nominated a Truſtee.

Ferret. (To Wildfire)---Talking of wills, Squire, what do you think has happened?

Wildfire. What.

Ferret. Juſt about an hour before your uncle's death---

Pendant.

Pendant. My uncle, ſaid you! *(Pendant, Fanny and Louiſa, in converſe.)*

Wildfire. Yes---he has hopp'd the twig.---

Ferret. An hour before his death---as I ſaid before,---he inſiſted on deſtroying the old will, and executing another, by which he has divided his eſtate in three equal portions---between you Squire, Captain Pendant, and Miſs Fanny.

Wildfire. O! the devil!---here's a pretty rig now.

Fanny. Propitious event!---

Magnet. Pendant, I give you joy.---

Wildfire. Loſt two-thirds of the eſtate,---and Piccaroon gone off with the iron greys!---But I'll follow the ſcoundrel all over the globe---if I'm even obliged to travel in a broad-wheel waggon---drawn by welch ponies.

[*Exit* Wildfire.

Ferret. I cou'dn't help letting the old gentleman into the ſecret of the thouſand pounds, which you directed me to pay to Miſs Louiſa's account.

Pendant. Shame on you, Ferret!

Louiſa. Generous man!---That myſtery is now accounted for.

Drummond. *(To Pendant)* And as things have thus occured, inſtead of ſeeking Fortune on the Indian ocean, ſtay at home and court her in this amiable girl;---whom, as I've ſaid before, I love very dearly.

Pendant. Louiſa, my Angel,---we have been in ſome error here.--Siſter, Magnet, where are all my friends to partake my happineſs! propitious deſtiny has at length enabled me to ſolicit this dear hand.

Drummond. Egad---I ſee ſome of your aſſociates before theſe windows---full of glee, and celebrating your proud victory on the ocean.

Pendant. It was a victory that will not ſoon be forgotten: it will live in the hearts of Engliſhmen; and our enemies will alſo remember it!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A View of High-ſtreet illuminated, including the Market-Hall, taken from the extremity of the Parade near the Governor's Houſe. Bells ringing, &c.

[*Enter* SAILORS, *and* FEMALES, *who dance, to a Hornpipe-Air on the bells;—after which, enter* PENDANT, MAGNET, TROPIC, DRUMMOND, LOUISA, &c.]

AIR XI.

FINALE.

I.

When next we dare the reſtleſs Deep,
In mind the WESTERN SQUADRON keep:
'Tis that which keeps the Country free,
And gives us Empire of the ſea!

CHORUS.

Gent. O let your gentle wiſhes } riſe.
Ladies. O ever ſhall our wiſhes }
For favoring gales and friendly ſkies.

The

II.

The lovelieſt Beauty of our iſle,
I'm ſure will toaſt us with a ſmile:
And 'ere the wine her lip ſhall meet,
Proclaim—" Here's to the Britiſh Fleet!"

CHORUS.

Ladies. O ever ſhall our wiſhes } riſe.
Gent. O let your gentle wiſhes }
For favoring gales and friendly ſkies.

III.

For you dear Belles, where'er we roam,
The heart ſtill fondly turns to home:
You make the heavy ſtorm ſeem light,
And cheer the ſeamen in the fight.

CHORUS.

Ladies. O ever ſhall our wiſhes } riſe.
Gent. O let your gentle wiſhes }
For favoring gales and friendly ſkies.

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